



Douce
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304

M H Haskoll
1799



*Let none despise,
The merry merry Cries,
Of famous LONDON Town.*

THE
CRIES of LONDON,

A S

They are daily exhibited in the Streets ;
WITH AN EPIGRAM IN VERSE,

ADAPTED TO EACH.

Embellished with sixty-two elegant CUTS.

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION of the METROPOLIS
in VERSE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for E. NEWBERRY, at the Corner of
St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1784.

[Price Six-pence.]

Donce Add. 304

P R E F A C E.

THE greatest Philosophers in all Ages, and in every Country, have been more indebted to a nice Observation of Men and Things for their superior Knowledge and Experience, than to abstruse Speculations, or the vague Dogmas of the Schools. Solomon is justly ranked among the wisest and best of Men; and

A 3 he

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he points out the Way to obtain Wisdom, in a manner much more plain and certain than any other Philosopher, either before his time or since.

Doth not Wisdom cry? (says he) and Understanding put forth her voice?

She standeth in the top of high Places, by the Way of the Places in the Paths.

She crieth at the Gates of the City, at the entry of the City, at the coming in at the Doors.

Here it is plainly asserted, that real Knowledge is to be obtained

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obtained in the *public Places*, not in sleepy Cloisters; by an accurate attention to the minds and dispositions of Men (the great Springs of all human actions) and not to the subtilties of a vain Philosophy.

The proper study of mankind is Man. POPE.

For this reason I have at present collected a variety of Personages from the Public Streets, which I flatter myself will neither be useless or unentertaining. The People of England display a greater variety of Character than any

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other Nation upon the Earth: The French, on the other hand, have few Peculiarities; their Manners are nearly the same from the Marquis down to the Valet de Chambre; from the Court Lady, to her Milliner. In England we find many a hero, many an honest man, and many a shrewd Philosopher, (making proper allowances for the limits of education) among the lowest and most unnoticed; at the same time that we discover even among the Great, many who are utterly ignorant of every
author

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author except Hoyle, many a Coward and many a Knave. Hence, surely it follows, that the very meanest, as they are generally termed, of human society, are far from being unworthy of our attention.



Knives to grind, Razors or Scissars
to grind?

O Thou, whate'er thy name, in blest
abodes,
Who grind'st the Knives of Jove and
all the Gods,
Smooth let my Verses flow as oil, or
rather,
Like thine own Razor-Strap of greazy
leather;
Sharp be their edge, as edge of
sharpest knife,
That in these moral pages to the life
I may descry, and closely trim each
truth,
And be the Whetstone to the rising
youth.



Buy a Mat; a Door Mat, or a Bed
Mat?

Attend this cry ye London Beaus,
Procure a Mat, to clean your
shoes,
Else will ye ev'ry carpet spoil,
And cause to household maids much
toil;
And O! ye Belles, when Winter
comes,
Think what a saving 'tis in Brooms;
Think what a comfort to your feet
To have a Straw-mat clean and neat.



Ground Ivy, Ground Ivy, come buy
my Ground Ivy; — come buy my
Water Cresses ?

O'ER nerve relaxing tea no longer
waste
The morning hour ; did you know the
taste
Of home-found Ivy, you would ne'er
explore
For foreign shrubs a distant Indian
shore :
And 'ye, with dire scorbutic Ills
o'erun,
All wretched nostrums and their ven-
ders shun,
The Cries will all cutaneous illness
mock ;
Then quit the aid of Flagger and of
Rock.



Any Pots, or Pans, or Kettles to mend;
any work for the 'Tinker?

THUS does the Tinker round the
city call;
And vows he'll stop your leaky vessels
all,
But ah! beware, his words may not
be true,
And for one hole perhaps he'll make
you two.



Diddle, diddle, diddle Dumplings, O!
hot, hot.

GOOD boys will oft a Dumpling
crave,

When this old woman comes;
And he that's very good, shall have
A Dumpling full of plumbs.

But O! ye naughty boys, who heed
Nor Daddy, nor yet Mammy,
You'll ne'er on such nice dainties feed,
With Dumplings they'll ne'er cramb
ye.



Old Cloaths to sell ; any Hats, Shoes,
or Old Cloaths ?

THIS dirty Son of Israel's race,
While wealthy folks are sleeping,
You up and down the town may trace,
In ev'ry area peeping.

But ah ! beware, ye men and maids,
His bargains you'll repent ;
Remember well the Varlet trades
At least for Cent per Cent.



Sand O, Sand O, any Sand below
Maids?

I N winter time when dirty shoes
Are apt to daub the floor,
Ne'er let the honest Sandman pass
Unheeded by the door.

For who so does assistance lend
To forward cleanliness,
All housewives surely will befriend,
With bounties, more or less.



One a Penny, two a Penny, Hot Cross
Buns.

THEY Hot Cross Buns are call'd,
I ween,
Because a cross thereon is seen,
Remembering us the Jews did slay
Our Saviour upon Golgotha;
And that of sin we are set free
By his sad sufferings on the tree.
A glorious offering of free will,
'To all who do his laws fulfil!



Bellows to mend; Maids, your Bel-
lows to mend?

TO mend your Bellows Joe will trot
Still up and down the streets;
He loves too well the Porter Pot,
And very little eats.

The while he lives, in idle waste,
Like many foolish fellows,
A Phthific coming on a-pace,
Destroys his own life's bellows.



Ready Pick'd Green Goosberries
eight Pence a Gallon.

GREEN Goosberries are ever good,
A nice light crust betwixt,
And wholesome cooling Summer food,
With milk and sugar mixt.

But eat them mod'rately, ye fair,
And all ye jolly boys ;
Or else their acid none will spare,
And sugar ever cloyes.



Small Coal, Maids do you want any
Small Coal?

QUOTH Oyster *Nell* to Small-Coal
Tom,

Come out of that, you dirty Honey ;
Tom very archly bites his thumb,
Saying dirty hands will get clean
money.

And I, with all this dirt, dear *Nell*,
A link am of the chain,
That binds community as well
As he who rolls in gain.



Primroses, Primroses, buy my Spring
Flowers?

IN April, when Primroses deck ev'ry
lane,
The first and the sweetest of Flora's
gay train,
Rise early ye Ladies to breath the fresh
air,
'Twill mend your complexion tho'
ever so fair.
The Primrose is sure an apt emblem
of youth,
A modest resemblance of sweet female
truth,
And tho' gaudier Flowers may boast
of a charm,
Yet native simplicity ever will warm.



A Pig and Plumb Sauce; who buys
my Pig, and Plumb Sauce?

A Long-tail'd Pig, or a short-tail'd
Pig,
Or a Pig without ever a tail;
Sow Pig, or a Boar Pig,
Or a Pig with a curly tail.

O! that each honest Tradesman ne'er
may fail,
To tag his business with a golden tail.



Green Hastings, Hastings, O! come
here's your large Rowley Powlies,
no more than Six-pence a Peck.

ROWLEY Powley, jolly Pease,
In Summer give your hearts ease,
When nicely boil'd and served up,
With melted butter in a cup :
And if you add a bacon slice,
'Twill make a supper wond'rous nice ;
Then come and buy before I go ;
Gee up, old Ball, *Green Hastings, Ho !*



Hare Skins, or Rabbit Skins?

YE maids, who fave your Rabbit
Skin
When off the back ye strip it,
Are always sure a Groat to win,
For making muff or tippet.

And if a Hare-skin you lay by,
'Twill Eight-pence bring full well,
Whene'er you hear the Woman cry
Any Hare-skins to sell?



Buy a Lobster, a large live Lobster?

AN honest way it is as any,
By Lobsters thus to turn the
penny,

Altho' he sure had courage ample,
Who first to eat them set th' example;
Such ugly crawling speckled things
The nice imagination flings;
And yet, when boil'd, the beaut'ous
sight,

Is sure to please, of red and white:
With oil and vinegar's sharp pickle,
And salt and pepper, how they tickle
The sons of luxury, who think
On nothing, but to eat and drink.



Matches, Maids ! my picked pointed
Matches ?

AT night ye Maids put out your
fire,
For fear of accidents full dire;
Nor let it e'er reported be
You leave your Candles carelessly.
With flint and steel how small the pain,
E'en in an instant light to gain !
And when this woman pass'es by,
A farthing will your wants supply.



Buy a Mouſe Trap, or a Trap for
your Rats &c

WHEN Rats or Mice your Viſ'als
maul,

Apply the Trap ye Houſewife's all;
It is a wiley ſubtle gin,
That will the wariest take in.
And this advice ſtill let me give,
Void of exceſs be ſure you live,
Elſe will diſeaſe your vitals ſap,
For death lies lurking like a trap.



Come buy my little Tartars, my pretty
little Jemmies; no more than a Half-
penny a piece.

A Physic fine as e'er was sold,
Is offer'd here by Buckhorse old,
For boys who want a smarter,
If any pettish froward Mifs,
Advices spurn that lead to bliss,
O buy a Jemmy Tarter.

'Twill clear up ev'ry four look,
'Twill make each boy regard his book,
Each Mifs her sampler mind;
No scolding, brawling, noisy crying,
No flouncing, bouncing, sobbing,
sighing,
You in the house will find.



Jaw-work, Jaw-work, a whole Pot for
a Halfpenny, Hazle-nuts.

THE man must ne'er refuse to crack
The shell, who would the kernel
take ;

For who can think that Heav'n for-
sooth,

Will drop the victuals in his mouth
Without or industry or pain,
He strives a livelihood to gain ?
And ev'ry lad who will not tread
Patient, o'er learning's thorny bed,
But proudly errs, with bold defiance,
Shall never taste the sweets of science.



Crab will you Crab, Crab ?

WHAT strange variety of food,
In this wide world we meet ;
The fields, the forests, and the flood,
Afford a bounteous treat.

Nature her gen'rous lap unfolds,
To those who earn their living ;
Old Ocean not a Crab witholds ;
To all a part is given.



Any Flint Glas or broken Bottles for
a poor Man to-day?

A Bottle of good wholesome liquor,
May make the wit of man much
quicker;
But while you're merry pray be wise,
For poison at the bottom lies. —

This poor but honest fellow's case
Is to exist by broken glafs;
While many a thoughtless man, by
foaking,
Dies long before his bottle's broken.



Windfor Beans, a Groat a Peck broad
Windsors.

IF beans and bacon can allure ye,
This man will faithfully assure ye,
His beans will better hit your taste,
Than the most sumptuous rich repast;
Besides the fellow boasts, d'ye see,
His beans are beans of *Liberty*;
Grown near the famous Runny-mead,
Where our old Barons Britain freed,
And forc'd king John his pow'r to
barter
On the firm base of royal charter.
Then come and buy, O come and buy
all,
The Man is ready to stand trial;
And if you do not like the flavour,
He'll never court your future favour.



Nice Peaches or Nectarines, rare ripe
Plumbs.

Britannia, sons of lovely bloom,
Outvie the beauties of the Plumb;
Nor can the Peach's hue compare
With the ripe blushes of the Fair.
Yet what avail our bloom or beauty,
If still regardless of our duty,
We let the fruitful mind lie fallow?
Better to be as Gypsies fallow.
Beauty will seldom be respected
If useful learning is neglected.



A Groat a Pound large Filberts, a
Groat a Pound; full weight, a Groat
a Pound.

THIS Blowzybella, round the
town,
In basket or in barrow,
Hawks her large Filberts, ripe and
brown,
With kernels sweet as marrow.

But take good care her weights are
true,
And even pois'd the scales,
Or else you'll never have your due;
Such roguery prevails.



Which you will for a Half-penny,
Golden Rennets.

JUST by St. Andrew's, Holborn
hill,

*Sir, for a Half-penny which you will,
The noisy Apple-women cry,
To all who busily pass by.*

Apples in towers pil'd up behold,
With rinds as clear and pure as gold;
But if their goodness you'd assay,
Pray taste and try before you pay.



Carrots, Cabbages, fine Savoys; nice
curious Savoys.

FROM Chelsea, Hoxton, Battersey,
Full often while yet dark it's,
What loads of vegetables come,
To Covent-garden markets.

With good boil'd beef we Carrot eat,
Which cold or hot ne'er cloy's;
Cabbage comes up with Summer meat,
With Winter, nice Savoys.



Rabbit, O! a fine Rabbit.

STILL does this fellow, round the
 Streets,
 With Pole and Rabbits on his
 shoulder,
 His penny spend with all he meets,
 Unthinking that he will grow older.

But sure old age will come with speed
 (Nor let him think with spite I
 blab it)
 When he, alas! must keep his bed,
 No longer able to cry Rabbit.



Hot Spice Gingerbread, all hot.

IN Winter ev'ning should you stroll,
 Around the church of good St.
 Paul,
 This honest Baker you will find,
 A small tin oven stuck behind.
 His Gingerbread he thus keeps hot
 Which grateful is to ev'ry palate:
 And Boys who are by Virtue led,
 Shall never want hot Gingerbread.



Hot bak'd Pippins, nice and hot.

FOR nice hot Pippins, as he goes,
To School, young Master lingers,
For by experience well he knows,
They'll warm his frozen fingers.

And all who can their lessons read,
(Not blundering nor skipping,)
Will often to their joy be fee'd,
With a nice roasted Pippin.



Buy a Chicken, or a fine fat Fowl?

TELL me, O Muse, how I shall
 stick in
 A word that aptly rhymes with *Chicken*,
 Or in what mode the lines must roll
 To tag a couplet with *Fat Fowl*!
 And now, since half my Work's
 complete,
 O NEWBERRY, let thy Servant eat!
 For gladly now I would be picking,
 From old *Parnassus* a nice *Chicken*;
 And if of *Claret* thou hast none,
 Some Water send of *Helicon*.



Any Brick-dust below Maids; Maids
do you want any Brick-dust?

FOR scow'ring dirty Pots and Kettles
And utensils of various metals;
To tongs or poker, or steel fender,
A shining polish oft to render;
Your knives and forks to clean and
whet,
And a sharp edge thereon to set,
The Brick-dust man does here produce
A powder for the housewife's use,
With which all cleanly ones dispence,
Then take his dust and pay your pence.



Nice Green Cucumbers, O! two for
Three Half-pence.

GREEN Cucumbers, however nice,
By all who prudent are and wise,
And health prefer to choicest dainty,
Will ne'er be eaten in great plenty;
Their properties, so deadly cold,
Agree not with the human mould:
Yet fools will readily prefer,
To wholesome food—a Cucumber.



Buy my sound Liver; or Lights for
your Cat?

ALL you who keep or Cat or Dog,
Ne'er let them go without their
prog;

Yet never let your Dog be fat,
Tho' all day long may sleep your Cat.
The Dog, by this, your house will
watch,

The Cat each stirring mouse will catch.
For Animals, like you and I,
Too much may eat, and quickly die;
While industry and temperance give
The means in health and peace to
live;

The greedy glutton they restrain,
And teach the poor a meal to gain.



Buy a Jack-line, or a Cloaths Line ?

A Jack-line useful is no doubt,
 As Cooks have ever found,
 To turn the whirling wheels about
 And make the spit go round.

Without a Cloaths-line, we might go
 In filthiness and dirt,
 Nor e'er the pleasing comfort know
 Of wearing a clean shirt.



China Oranges; one a Penny, two a
Penny, nice China,

AT Oranges each lovely boy,
Will cast a longing eye;
And Oranges each Missy coy,
Will ne'er refuse to buy.

But all who learn their lessons still,
And read without a scruple,
Mamma, for one poor Orange will
Most surely give a couple.



Sprats O ! Sprats O ! fresh live Spratts.

A Num'rous train of little brats,
 This Woman feeds by selling
 Sprats,
 By Sprats (however poor the trade)
 With good tight cloathing they're
 array'd,
 And she herself, good honest woman,
 Still lives beholden unto no man ;
 In mornings cold, so will the Fates,
 She buys at Billingsgate her Sprats,
 And all day long content will go,
 Crying, from street to street, *Sprats O !*
 And when bright Sol the day adjourns,
 She to her home again returns.



Walnuts, nice Walnuts ; ten a Penny
fine cracking Walnuts.

WHEN Autumn comes and Winter
fable,
Walnuts often grace the table,
And after dinner relish fine
Immerged in a glass of wine ;
Or, in the evening still they're found
(When merry tales and jokes go
round)
A pretty picking for the Ladies ;
And hence so good the Woman's
trade is,
That she, contented, near and far O,
Still shoves along her Walnut-Barrow.



Long and strong, long and strong;
 come buy my Garters and Laces,
 long and strong!

THIS fellow ever at your nod is
 With Laces strong for stays and
 bodice,
 And fine red Garters he reveals;
 Then who would ever wish to go,
 As some young flatterers Misses do,
 With stockings down about their
 heels?
 With many slovens such the case is;
 Then come and buy his long red
 Laces,
 His Garters long, and Laces strong;
 Hence decent made, and nice, and
 tidy,
 A Lady may sit down beside ye,
 And you your betters go among.



Buy a wild Duck, or a wild Fowl

THIS fellow trucks
 His Fowls and Ducks
 All for a little *Ready-Rhino*;
 Then quick he pops
 Into gin shops:
 This many know as well as I know.

When drunk he'll howl,
A Duck or Fowl?
 And think himself all wise and clever;
 To-day he sucks
 By Fowls and Ducks,
 To-morrow tipsey gets as ever.



New Mackrel, nice Mackrel.

WHEN fresh and from the sea
 quite new,
 The Mackrel, with a glowing hue,
 Of red and purple, green and gold,
 In rays most beauteous to behold,
 At once attracts th' astonished sight
 And tickles every appetite.
 With judgment if you cook the dish,
 Turbots, you say, the king of fish;
 But Mackrel, when 'tis nicely dress'd,
 You'll grant to be the queen at least;
 And I, for turbot, cod or pick'rel,
 Will ne'er give up my fav'rite Mackrel.



A Half-penny a Stick, Duke Cherries ; round and sound, no more than a Half-penny a Stick.

THE children all are blithe and merry,
When Summer brings the crimson Cherry,

Pomona, then it is, imparts
Her Dukes, her Kentish, and her Hearts.

This Woman then, young Boys to trick,

Ties half a dozen on a stick ;
These, plac'd direct before her eye,
What longing Mifs can e'er pass by ;
What Boy penuriously forego
The Cherry-woman's artful show ?



Old Chairs to mend; any old Chairs
to mend?

A Bunch of rushes at his back,
Old Chairs to mend Tom hollows;
While *Dolly* in her husband's track
From night to morn still follows.

If money in his pocket flows,
Who's happier than poor *Tom*?
Doll with him to the ale-house goes,
And with him staggers home.



Oysters O! fine Wainfleet Oysters.

MONTHS with an R in
 Good Oysters appear in;
 But when the R's out, we
 Suppose they are naughty.
 In Winter, however,
 This fellow so clever,
 Will strive to content ye,
 And serve you in plenty:
 No Colchester Oyster
 Is sweeter or moister;
 No Wainfleet or Melton,
 Such juice e'er was felt on:
 His Oysters then buy all,
 Without more denial.



Fine Strawberries, or Hautboys.

PRide of the woods! tho' not elate
With their own merits, next we
wait

On Strawberries, whose odour nice
Arabian incense far outvies ;
Whose glowing cheek by far outgoes
The blushes of the new blown rose ;
Whose stem no prickly thorns invade ;
Whose modest face their foliage shade ;
To whom the breath of British maids,
Tho' always sweet, with envy fades ;
And who, with rural peace and love,
Thrive best beneath their native grove.
Your praise, whene'er the Muse will
bring

Sweet inspiration, I will sing.



Buy my Singing, Singing Birds?

IF Linnet, Lark, and Thrush delight
ye,
This fellow daily will invite ye,
Nicely to inspect his feather'd store,
And careful look his Bird-cage o'er.
Nor think your money much mispent,
These pretty creatures give content
And pleasure, when the quavering
notes,
Come trilling from their little throats.
Let none so much benevolence lack
To hurt a feather on their back;
But while thus merrily they live,
Be sure fresh meat and water give,
For this one truth doth heav'n inspire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.



My old Soul, will you buy a Bowl?

O Had I but a genius kind,
 As that Apollo gives thy mind;
 A taste so apt, so odd, so single,
 As thine, for ever on the jingle;
 Hence should it be the Mule's care
 To sing thee and thy wooden ware:
 But tell me who can vie with thee
 In the sweet walk of poetry?
 Thy mighty power's so great at
 rhyming,
 Whate'er we say, thou sure wilt
 chime in,
 While with thy ware, still slowly
 poking
 About the Streets, thou'rt ever joking.



Any Work for the Cooper?

NO Cooper that patrols the street
Compares to William Farrell,
A washing tub for mending neat,
Or hooping well a barrel.

When'er a vessel gets a bruize
By slipping off the steeper,
Old Farrell I would have you chuse,
As soon as any Cooper.

For as he liquor always lov'd,
And ever would be tasting,
By this good maxim he is mov'd,
"A sin depends on wasting."



Buy a Fire-stone, Cheeks for your
Stoves?

'TIS pitious thinking,
This man by drinking;
Is always seen in dirt and rag,
Tho' a hard task it's,
With stones and baskets,
On shoulder pois'd all day to lag.

Nay e'en at night,
His fates in spite,
To get a meal deny him pelf;
Tho' he aspires,
To mend your fires,
The duce a fire to warm himself.



Buy my Flounders, live Flounders?

HOWEVER ugly be his look,
 An honest fellow is Tom Brooke,
 Who sells your Plaise and Flounder;
 Yet if he drinks to such excess,
 No difficulty 'tis to guess,
 His *Smack* will quickly *founder*.

Then Tommy, prithee now attend
 The admonitions of a friend,
 Tho' tis with loth we tell them;
 Else quickly thou no more will tread
 The streets with flounders on thy
 head,
 Nor longer live to sell them.



Black your Shoes, your Honour; black
Sir, black Sir?

TO clean the shoes,
of London Beaus,
Contented in his Ration,
In dirty alley
Plys Patrick Kelly,
Whose brogue betrays his nation;

Nor wigs nor blacking,
Nor kettle lacking,
Nor tripod for your feet,
The dirt he scrubs,
The shoes he rubs,
And makes them shine like jet.



Buy my Eels, a Groat a Pound live
Eels?

EMERGED in a tub of sand
Her Eels this woman carries,
Far as old Shadwell to the Strand,
And seldom stops or tarries.

A writer of no small renown
This solid truth reveals,
That many folks in this great town
More slipp'ry are than Eels.



Buy my Maids, and fresh Soals.

WITH Maids we're furnish'd by
 Joe Pardon,
 With Soals, and other Fish,
 Nor let him think his name I'm hard
 on,
 Or to offend him wish.

But if a dreadful press-gang should
 Assail him, I've a notion,
 This poor, but honest fellow, wou'd
 Plow once more the wide Ocean.



Any Milk below, Maids?

THIS woman hale,
 With yoke and pale,
 Attends upon her cow;
 The milk she brings
 Quick into King's-
 Street, crying — *Milk below*

Custard or pudding
 Her milk is good in;
 And, ladies, would ye try it,
 You'd find that this is
 For boys or misses,
 By far the best of diet.



Hot Rice Milk.

FROM Parish boys, and Chimney-
sweepers,
This Woman turns a penny;
But cleanly children of housekeepers,
Will surely ne'er buy any.

With dirty spoon, and dirtier cup,
And filth about him plenty,
See how that shoe-black flops it up,
To him indeed a dainty!



New A'manacks, new ; some lies and
some true ; buy a new Almanack ?

PLAINLY an Almanack displays,
What Time will bring forth soon,
Fasts, Festivals, Red-letter Days,
And Changes of the Moon ;

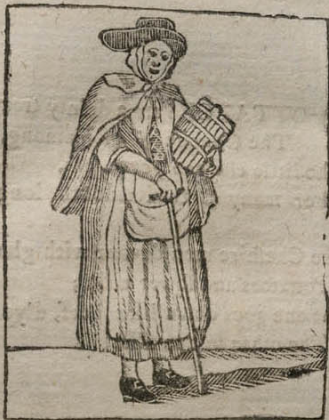
And int'rest table, list of Kings,
When Terms begin and end,
And of some other useful things
They information lend.



Pottatoes O! two Pound a Penny, five
Pound Two-pence.

POTTATOES are a dainty treat,
The Connaught men among,
Who little else can get to eat,
For many a twelvemonth long.

The Cheshire men devour with glee,
Potatoes and fower milk;
The one goes down like beef, d'ye see
The other soft as silk.



Any Kitchen Stuff.

YE cleanly maidens skim your pot,
 And all your dripping save,
 For while about th' ol' wife can trot,
 You will the worth on't have.

The tallow from your candlesticks,
 Of dishes save the scrapings,
 These, if in your fat-pan you mix,
 They will increase your halfpence.



A Hot Loaf, a White Conduit Loaf?

WHITE Conduit's sweet and
pleasant hill
Attracts the stripping Cit,
Over his loaves and tea to bill,
While Mifs affects the Wit.

But this good Woman's, wise intention
A living is to get
By selling loaves, when, (ad preven-
tion)
The afternoons are wet.



Buy a Roasting Jack.

THIS fellow's Jacks will satisfy
 The folks who live in garret high,
 Who large and clumsy joints of meat
 Do seldom either dress or eat.
 He sells all day, at night works late,
 All lodgers to accommodate
 With roasting Jacks of twisted wire,
 Which, aptly plac'd before the fire,
 Suspended by a worsted thread
 No turning for an hour will need.
 Then all who such utensils lack,
 O, come and buy a Roasting Jack!



Cowslips and Spring-flowers, a Half-
penny a Bunch.

THE Cowslip of a yellow hue,
Brings up the rear of this odd
Crew;
By whom you'll find, to Man 'tis
given,
In various ways to get a living;
And sure by these I've plainly thown,
What to a very few is known,
One half the world are ignorant
Of what the others have or want.

A
DESCRIPTION
of
LONDON.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Bridges three o'er Thames irriguous,
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Shew outfides, insides empty,
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows and carts ;
Hackney coachmen ever drinking,
Hackney writers void of thinking ;

Pipers, fiddlers, and harpers,
 Pick-pockets and thieving sharpers,
 Beaus and pimps, and many an harlot,
 Gamesters clad in lace and scarlet,
 Doctors sage, whose chariots keep'em,
 Riches, if one could but heap'em,
 Of poverty a greater store-far,
 Of politics eternal warfare,
 Whole heccatombs of beef and mutton,
 And turtle for your city glutton,
 Hypocrites with aspects holy,
 Honest men with faces jolly,
 Tipsey barrow-women tumbling,
 Dukes and chimney-sweepers jumbling
 Lords with milleners debating,
 Ladies with their footmen prating,
 Chairmen, carmen, kennel rakers,
 Catchpoles, bailiffs, and thief-takers;
 Lawyers to justice adversaries,
 And pompous wigg'd apothecaries,

Many a jilt and more seducers,
 Courteous many, more abusers,
 Many an exciseman smuggling,
 Statefmen in the treasury juggling,
 Many a maid and lover billing,
 Many widow not unwilling,
 Many a bargain, could you strike it?
 This is London—How d'ye like it?

A
S O N G
ON THE
CITY OF LONDON.

O LONDON is a dainty place,
A great and gallant City;
For all the streets are pav'd with Gold;
And all the folks are witty.

And there's your Lords and Ladies
That ride in Coach and Six;
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
And talk of Politicks.

And there's your Beaux, with
powder'd cloaths,
Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;
Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,
But not one Soufe within.

And there the English Actor goes
With many a hungry Belly;
While heaps of Gold are forc'd God wot,
On Signior Farinelly

And there's your Dames, of dainty
Frames,
With Skins as white as milk;
Dress'd every Day in Garments gay,
Of Sattin and of Silk.

BOOKS printed for E. NEWBERRY,
at the Corner of St. Paul's Church-
Yard, for the Instruction and En-
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Masters and Misses of Great-Bri-
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Adorned with Cuts. Price 6d.

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Step the second, being a Collection
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